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LAMENT FOR AN EXTINCT ARTICLE OF FEMALE DRESS.

In our younger days, when George III. was king, ladies wore pockets—particularly those ladies whose exterior clothing consisted of a husband. But, some years since, this article of female attire, which had existed perhaps from the beginning of the world, was universally discarded, and its place supplied by a certain trifling dangling pretence for a pocket, styled and velept a *reticule*. If you now inquire how ladies do without pockets, they point to the reticule as that which serves in its stead, and seem to think the one thing a thorough compensation for the other. But suppose you were to burn down the custom-house and erect a sentry-box in its place, you might just as well pretend that the sentry-box was a compensation or substitute for the custom-house. The reticule is not, and never can be, a fair representative of the honest, substantial, capacious, commodity, which our respected ancestresses wore by their sides, one to balance the other, somewhat after the manner of a pair of saddle-bags, while near by depended a pin-cushion of about the size of a reasonable school globe, a goodly pair of scissors, and a venerable article called a *huswife*, containing specimens of all sorts of needles from darning downwards. Pockets, in fact, were pockets—vessels of extensive capacity and serviceableness; which reticules never can be. The manifest fact is that, in the rage for elegance, pockets were found by the ladies to give a bunchiness to the contour, and for that reason were discarded, notwithstanding their merits on the score of utility. And thus, for the sake of a slimness, which in married ladies is not desirable, a revolution of the most annoying and even disastrous nature has been effected in the household system of Great Britain and Ireland.

We speak quite advisedly when we attribute such a grave character to this change of fashion; and this, we trust, will be fully acknowledged by our readers. Let us just consider for a moment what ladies' pockets were, and what they did, and what associations of feeling they gave rise to. In the first place, the pockets of the mistress of a household and mother of a family used to be an ever-ready and convenient place of reference for all sorts of moderate-sized articles, which there might otherwise have been a difficulty in finding when they were wanted. You never could be at a loss for a cork-screw long ago: the mistress was sure to have one in her pocket. No need then for a hurry-skurrying through the house in search of a shoeing-horn to relieve the agonies of an urchin putting on a pair of new shoes: his mamma had the article at command in a moment, and the starting perspiration was instantly repelled. Her pockets were, indeed, a kind of microcosm—an epitome of all that was in the store-room, the dark closet, and even the larder. The only drawback was, that when she was from home, half the miscellaneous articles of the house might be considered as from home too; but, then, the ladies of those days went so little abroad! In the second place, the said pockets were a dépôt for a vast number of small stray articles, which are constantly seen now-a-days wandering about the house in danger of being lost. If a dame of those days saw so much as a child's marble lying in a corner, she picked it up and clapped it into her pocket. Did she discover a single little stocking in some irrelative place, like the foot-print on the sand in Robinson Crusoe, she popped it into her pocket. Did she find a teaspoon or sauce-ladle where no such thing should be, it took the same road. Any toy which had served its day amongst the children, and was beginning, accordingly, to be an ob-

ject for their destructiveness, she whipped out of their sight into that ever-open receptacle, well knowing that it might do good service hereafter, when it had once more become a novelty. The pockets were not the permanent receptacle for all such things; nothing short of a pair of panniers could have been so. But they served admirably as a commonplace book into which things could be entered for the time, to be afterwards distributed each to its own proper page in the household ledger.

The economy of all this, the saving of fret and worry which it effected, were what no subject born of Queen Victoria will ever be able to understand. To remind our contemporaries of only one article—how much vexation was spared to us long ago by the practice which ladies then followed of carrying their keys in their pockets, instead of, as now, keeping, or pretending to keep, them in a little moveable basket! In those days, everything was obtainable at a moment's notice, because the key which commanded its place of deposit was ever ready. The simple localisation of the keys of the establishment in one of those well-known pockets kept all right. But now-a-days who can tell one minute where a lady's keys are to be the next? Sometimes they are on her work-table in the parlour, sometimes they follow her to her bedroom, sometimes they are snug in a cushioned corner of the drawing-room sofa. Sometimes, strange to say, they seem to have locked themselves up into some place unknown, or, not less wonderful, are declared to be nowhere. We have known tea put an hour behind its time, merely because the keys had made to themselves wings. We have known a lady go out to dinner in a dress which was hardly dress, because access to her drawers had suddenly been found to be impossible. We shall suppose that a friend whom you have not seen for a long time has come home to dine with you, and that you wish, during the repast, to treat him to a bottle of very particular sherry which you have lately laid in. You issue the proper order; but, lo! the cellar key, which was in Mrs Balderstone's hands only ten minutes ago, if her own story is to be believed, can now no longer be found. Your friend, of course, is in the condition of Mother Hubbard's dog, as far as sherry is concerned, and sets you down for a very strange sort of person. Say, again, you meet with a severe accident, and, from loss of blood, are in a fainting condition. "For any sake," says the doctor, "brandy!" "Brandy!" every one repeats, and instantly all are flying about in quest of—not the brandy, but the keys wherewith it is to be excavated from the wine-cooler. But you might as well call spirits from the vasty deep. The keys have, as usual, gone amissing, and the lock of the wine-cooler, cupboard, or whatever other place, is inviolable. Probably, you have been in seven faints before they are at length found, and the desired article produced.

One of your children is severely burnt. "Oil! oil!" is the cry. But where is the oil? and echo answers— "Where!"

You meet both your servant-girls rushing down the staircase in the greatest haste. You might as well try to stop a whirlwind; but you question them in passing: "Where—where are you going? What in the world are you after?" "The keys! the keys!" Even the little boy who cleans the knives and goes upon errands, is in a state of extraordinary excitement. His mistress's injunctions are upon him, and he has not a thought for anything else. At last, with one eye charged with merriment, and another directed towards a drawer which he has pulled out from the drawing-room table, he ejaculates—"Mistress—mistress—there they are!"

Another case is of such constant occurrence that it has almost ceased to be remarkable. You have sat down to dinner, and all is ready, except the attendant whose duty it is to remove the covers and wait. "Where, where is Mary? Why is she out of the way just now?" "Oh, just have a little patience, my dear; she will be here immediately." You determine to be liberal, and allow a minute. Still no Mary appears. You begin to hear a hurrying across upper floors, and a skipping up and down stairs. "What is detaining her? Why is she not ready to attend?" "Oh, do, dear, wait a little longer," says Mrs Balderstone, herself beginning to be a little uneasy. Mary at last comes down out of breath, bearing that signal of your bale—the basket of keys—of which she has, as usual, been in quest, at the command (secretly given) of her mistress.

You lose at length all patience, and take an opportunity some day of telling your spouse a very plain tale; but it is all in vain. Somehow, fifty such incidents as the above impress her mind with the idea of but one occurrence. She admits that some such annoyance happened once, but no more. Your asserting that it is of frequent occurrence she takes in great dudgeon, and it is well if she does not end by making herself appear as the injured party, and require a present to dry up her tears withal.

After so many thorough out-and-out grievances, it may almost appear silly to lament the extinction of ladies' pockets on account merely of the pleasant ideas associated with them. Yet, since our hand is in, we must advert to this part of the case also. Every person of maturish years must have delightful recollections of the interest which used to attach to those honest-like swelling receptacles which hung once by the sides of mothers and grandmothers, not to speak of worthy aunts and grand-aunts, and miscellaneous lady visitors of philoprogenitive dispositions—sure as they were to contain a greater or less store of all the things which children delight in. Reticules never contain coppers—pockets did. Reticules never turn out any such things as comfits or nuts—but pockets were always doing kind actions of that sort. A lady of the old time, who had anything to do with children, always took care to keep her pockets well replenished with such little matters, to be employed at all proper seasons and on all needful occasions, as prudence might direct or importunity extort; and thus was a charming bond established between the adult and the young which cannot now exist in nearly the same intensity. Why, we have seen a lady at a friend's table laughingly appropriate, with the full consent of the hostess, the reversion of a whole dessert, consisting of perhaps a pound of raisins, half-a-dozen apples, and a section of cake fit to set up a tea-party, and tumble all into her pocket to be taken home "to the bairns." Verily, different times was it with younkers in those days, from what it is at present under the reign of reticules! Here is one great source of mutual love lost to society. Who can tell what may be its effect in future years, as the people that have been born and reared under the reticule régime grow up and take their part in the social and political world! A most interesting race they were, altogether, those lady-pockets of a former day, with their curious difficulty of access through vertical apertures in the intermediate integuments, and the various external characters which they were always found to bear in accordance with the characters of the owners. It must be remarked, for the information of the youthful part of the community, that every lady had a pocket in some degree appropriate to her age and position in the world. A youngish lady had but a

slight thing of dainty, or some such article. When she grew into a married woman, her pocket grew too, and became of stouter consistence and more bulk and capacity, to suit her new necessities. As her family increased, so did her pocket, until at length, about the time when she proved a grandmother, it had become thick, and strong, and wide, and large, and more like the buckler which a warrior carries by his side than anything else. Some pockets were much more inaccessible and stingy than others; but with a swelling heart we must do them the justice to say that generosity was the predominant character of the race. A mother's pocket contained a reward for every good deed or service, and a balm for every wound and every woe. It was almost worth while to get a dreadful cut or bruise, in order to experience the unfailing solace which that pocket could supply. A grandmother's, again, although perhaps of homelier stuff, was even more liberal of its good things—grandmothers being fortunately exempt from all those anxieties by which parents allow themselves to be tormented, lest they should spoil or over-indulge the young. We have known a little elf watch an elderly lady visitor of his mother for hours, like a cat at a mouse-house, eyeing every movement which her hand took in relation to her pocket-hole—now disappointed by her taking out only her snuff-box; now by her drawing forth her seam that she might fall a-working, in order to improve her time; but rarely failing to have his assiduity rewarded in the long-run by some proof of her generosity. When we reflect on the feelings of the juvenile world of thirty years ago on all these matters, and consider that such things are known no longer, we could almost conclude that the banishment of the weeping birch, the explanations given to difficulties at school, and all the other advantages which the youth of the present day enjoy, or are said to enjoy, hardly form a compensation for the banishment of the ladies' pocket.

SKECHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

PARASITICAL ANIMALS.

THE existence of parasitical animals, that is, of tribes of creatures which live in and upon other animals, and extract their nourishment from these, is one of the most curious and remarkable phenomena which the history of the animal kingdom offers to our notice. The extent to which these parasites prevail is infinitely greater than is usually imagined. There is not, perhaps, an animal, to what rank soever of the zoological scale it may belong, altogether free from their attacks; many are liable to be assailed by large numbers indiscriminately, while not a few have one or more peculiar species assigned to them. Neither is almost any portion of the animal frame exempt from their visitations. Many take up their abode on the skin, among the hair, feathers, or other materials with which it may be covered, dig nests for themselves in its substance, or find some other suitable residence on the exterior parts of the body: the whole of the extensive tribe, named *Ectosae*, live in the interior of animals—in the brain, liver, lungs, intestines; in short, in almost every part of their viscera, frequently producing serious and fatal diseases. Nay, so complex does the system of parasitical life sometimes become, that we find numerous instances in which one parasite is preyed upon by another, and that again by a third, the process being thus continued through three separate stages.

In many instances we are incapable of forming a proper estimate of the purposes which these creatures are designed to serve; in others the object is more apparent; while in not a few cases we see in them a benevolent provision for a specific end. Many of the races of what are called the lower animals—*insects*, for example—have a great tendency to superfecundity; that is, to increase beyond due proportion, and surpass the limits which have been assigned them in the economy of nature. By means of these parasites, which are by far the most numerous in such tribes as those just alluded to, a series of checks and counter-checks are established, this exuberant fertility restrained, and a due equilibrium kept up among the different races.

Man himself, to whom dominion over the whole of animated nature has been assigned, as the peculiar privilege of his superior endowments and high destiny, is very far from being in a condition to boast of immunity from the attacks of these assailants. Four species of *Pediculidae* (speaking in reference to this country only) are liable to infest the exterior of his

person; and these, under peculiar circumstances, and in connexion with *Acari*, have sometimes been known to produce fatal disease. To the malady known by the name of *morbus pedicularis*, the rich, the wise, the noble, and the mighty, have fallen victims. Exclusive of other names of less note are those of *Pheretima*, as recorded by Herodotus, Antiochus Epiphanes, the Dictator Sylla, the two Herods, the Emperor Maximian, and Philip II.* These, however, are but an insignificant portion of the parasites which make man at once their residence and their food. Upwards of 20 species have been enumerated as living in some portion of the interior of his frame. Some penetrate, to use Kirby's words, into the very seat of thought; others disturb his bile; others circulate with the blood of his veins; others, again, are seated in his kidneys; others in his muscles, &c. Nor is the diversity of the species more remarkable than the occasional numbers of the same species, and the enormous dimensions which others sometimes attain. Eight hundred and seventy parasitic worms have been counted in one liver; tape-worms have been known to extend to 30 feet in length, and even in some instances, it is asserted, to 128 feet! In tropical countries the natives are liable to the attacks of a gigantic parasite, known by the name of the Guinea worm (*Filaria mediterranea*), which insinuates itself within the skin of the legs, where it occasionally continues for many years, sometimes without producing much pain, at other times causing great agony, according to the place it occupies. It is said to attain the length of ten feet, and the thickness of a pigeon's quill. The patient is on the watch for a portion of its body appearing through the skin, when he seizes it and draws it forth with great slowness and caution, for fear of breaking it. The Jigger (*Pulic pendens*) of intertropical countries is infinitely more troublesome than its counterpart (*Pulic irritans*) in the colder regions of the earth; for it burrows into the flesh of the feet, and soon swells into a large ball, the latter being a membranous bag containing the eggs. When the young issue from it, they produce a severe ulceration, which is always difficult to cure, and sometimes proves mortal. According to Humboldt, there exists in South America a species of gad-fly (*Estrus hominis*) which deposits its eggs on human beings, and there rears its young as its natural and appropriate habitat.

Not a few of the above-mentioned parasites likewise occur in and upon various kinds of mammiferous animals; and there are, of course, many others peculiar to the latter. Almost every species of quadruped has its own peculiar inhabitant; and not only so, but in some instances different kinds are appropriated to different parts of the body. This is the case, for example, with the common ox; and this animal presents the farther peculiarity, that it has a distinct species allotted to the young. These considerations, in a physiological point of view, are not a little remarkable. Most of our domestic animals are very subject to the incursions of parasites, probably in some measure in consequence of the changes they have undergone in their food and habits by the process of domestication. To enumerate all these would extend this notice beyond due limits, and lead us to trespass on the province of the veterinary surgeon. One of the most common is what are called *hydatids* in sheep, which often prove very injurious to that useful animal. *H. cerebralis* infests the brain, producing vertigo or stupor; and the presence of the parasites may be known by the state of disquietude into which the animal is thrown, frequently turning its head to one side with a sudden jerk, running quickly forward without any apparent cause, then suddenly stopping as in a state of bewilderment. The fluke-worm (*Fasciola hepatica*) is very common not only in the liver of the sheep, but also of the other ruminating animals—of the pig, and even occasionally of man himself. It has the form of a small oval leaf, pointed behind, and having a narrow elongation in front, on which the first sucker is placed, opening into a kind of throat supplied with canals for conveying the bile—on which the creature feeds—into all parts of its body.

In the whole tribe of parasites, there is not, perhaps, one whose history altogether is more curious and interesting than that of the gad-fly, which produces bots in horses. This fly is about the size of the common blue-bottle fly, and of a yellowish-brown colour; the female provided with a tubular instrument terminating in a hook, for depositing her eggs. Having selected the horse to which she is to intrust

her progeny, she hovers over him with an egg in the pincers at the extremity of the anal tube, and on the first favourable opportunity pounces upon him, and deposits the egg on a hair, to which it adheres by a glutinous matter with which it is coated. This done, the maternal duties of the parent fly cease, and the egg is left to the singular series of vicissitudes it is destined to undergo. It must be hatched in the interior of the horse, and the latter becomes the unconscious instrument of conveying it thither. When licking himself, as horses are apt to do when grazing, urged thereto by the bites and titillation of various flies, the eggs of the gad-fly adhere to his tongue and lips, and thus readily find their way into the interior of the mouth. To render this desired result the more probable, the eggs are usually laid on the fore-quarter of the horse, in such places as he can reach with his tongue; but even when this is not the case, the eggs are not necessarily lost, as horses are in the habit of licking each other, and one free from bots may thus receive them from another. The warmth and moisture of the mouth soon cause the larva to burst through the envelope of the egg, and they are either swallowed with the food, or find their way into the stomach by their own proper exertions. They have now reached their appropriate receptacle, the domicile where they are to spend the principal portion of their lives. In shape, they are not unlike some kinds of powder-flask, the segments with short spines on the edges, and the anterior terminating in a narrow neck, which has two hooks at its extremity. By means of these they anchor themselves to the internal membrane of the stomach, where they feed upon the humours secreted by that membrane, wholly uninjured by the gastric juice, and retaining their position amid all the changes which the great central organ of nutrition undergoes. They generally occupy their genial quarters (the temperature of a horse's stomach is about 102 degrees Fahrenheit) upwards of half a year, when they let go their hold, and allow themselves to be ejected, with the digested food, through the ordinary channel. They are then transformed into a chrysalis on the ground, from which, in due time, the fly emerges, to give birth to another offspring, which repeat the same extraordinary cycle of changes.

The gad-fly of the ox rears its young on the exterior of that animal, depositing its eggs on the skin. When the larvae are excluded, they dig into the skin, and an abscess or tumour is formed around them, which serves both as a place of residence and a reservoir of food, the lymph generated by the irritation yielding the requisite sustenance. The gad-fly of the sheep differs in its economy from both of the above. It lays its eggs on the nostrils of the sheep, where they very soon hatch, and the larvae find their way into the frontal maxillary and other sinuses or cavities of the face, where they produce a considerable degree of inflammation, and occasion great pain. The same helpless quadruped is frequently overrun with an apterous fly, called the *ted* or spider-fly; but perhaps its most formidable enemies are the common blow-fly (*Musca mortadaria*) and the grey chequered blow-fly (*M. cararia*). In sheltered situations, and in sultry weather, these flies lay their eggs on the skin, wherever they can find a portion of it exposed; and if the surface be wounded, or the animal in a state of disease, so much better is it adapted to their purposes. Sometimes the larvae are placed on the skin ready hatched—for these flies are viviparous, and they immediately begin to consume the flesh, and work their way into its substance. If the provident care of the shepherd does not prevent, large wounds are soon inflicted, exposing the viscera in many places, and the hapless victim perishes by a lingering death, presenting the revolting spectacle of being literally eaten alive.

The gigantic mammal of the deep present, in the vast extent of their surface, "ample scope and verge enough" for the residence of entire colonies of smaller beings. We might suppose that their parasites would be larger than those occurring on animals of inferior dimensions; but this we do not find to be the case, at least in any considerable degree. One of the best known is named by sailors the whale louse (*Oniscus ceti*, Lin.). It is a curious crustaceous animal, with an oval body composed of eight or nine segments, with eight feet, each of which terminates in a strong claw. They are sometimes so abundant, that the whales infested by them are known to be so at a considerable distance by the white colour they impart to the surface, visible when the animal rises to breathe. When removed, the epidermis beneath them is generally found to be eaten away, and the superficial parts much injured. They receive the eggs, when excluded, into a kind of pouch, formed of scales, on the under side of the body, and they remain in this receptacle till hatched; even the young are carried about for a time in this bag, a practice which reminds one of the marsupial pouch of the kangaroo. There are several species nearly related to each other, but differing a good deal in their habits. One of them runs about the surface; others are stationary, and usually found in great numbers aggregated upon the cornous eminences of the sperm-whale. Another animal somewhat resembling these, but belonging to a different tribe, that of the *Arachnida*, selects the same place of residence. It is about three-quarters of an inch in length, with a narrow body, and eight long many-jointed legs.

The bat parasite (*Pteropeltis*) has often excited the surprise of those who observed it, both by its singular

* Donny's "Monographia Anophororum Britannic," a work just published, in which all the British species are described and beautifully figured. They amount to upwards of 250.

appearance and the extreme rapidity of its movements. It is considered to be an apterous (wingless) fly, although it bears much more resemblance to a spider. Living on the wing of the bat, and more particularly on the denuded part near the claw by which that animal suspends itself, it is very apt to be displaced; to enable it, therefore, to take a firm hold, its feet are furnished with a vesicle beneath, which it can employ as a sucker; and to afford it every chance of recovering itself when pushed from its place, it has the singular power of instantly turning its legs upwards, and walking, as it were, on its back. Nay, it can turn up, if it choose, only a portion of its legs at once, allowing the others to remain in the natural position, so that it can walk supported by two surfaces at once, and these on opposite sides of its body. The head is very small, and rises vertically from the thorax. Colonel Montague, to whom we are indebted for some curious observations on this animal, describes its motions, when confined in a small phial, as inconceivably rapid and agile.

Many kinds of curious creatures, similar to that last mentioned, and generally named spider-flies, live on different kinds of birds. They are, however, provided with wings; the body is flat, hard, and glossy; the legs large and strong, and furnished at the extremity with very powerful claws, aided by an apparatus of suckers. One of the largest of these (*Ornithomyia articulata*) frequents poultry and game birds; another infests the house-swallows; a third resides on the swift; a fourth is appropriated to the various kinds of grouse, &c. Birds also sustain an immense host of pediculi, a peculiar species being in most instances allotted to each different kind, although a few range over a considerable number of birds. Mr Denny, in the work above referred to, has minutely described upwards of 200 species found on British birds. One of the most singular in shape, which Mr Denny terms "a beautiful parasite," is found plentifully on the peacock; another, not unlike it, is abundant on the turkey. The largest British species, of 34 lines in length, was found upon the hawk named the hobby.

The class of fishes has likewise its peculiar parasites, and these present us with many very curious examples of form and structure. Perhaps no fish whatever is without an *attaché* of this kind; but it has been observed that they are by far most numerous and formidable in fishes which are of the most ravenous nature; and it has been conjectured, with much appearance of probability, that this is with the design of impairing their activity and rendering them less extensively destructive to their weaker companions. We can notice only two or three of these fish-parasites. A very curious one (*the Atheris percator*) inhabits the perch. It is about 24 lines long; the head and thorax forming only one piece, undivided by a suture; the abdomen with two oval bodies (egg-pouches) attached to it. It lives within the mouth of the perch—rather a perilous residence—where it not only runs the risk of being destroyed by the teeth, but of being bruised and carried into the stomach of the fish by the substances which the latter masticates for food. The apparatus by which it fixes itself is well deserving of notice. From the hinder part of what corresponds to the thorax, two strong cartilaginous arms take their origin, one on each side, and these are curved forwards till they meet in front of the head; just over the point where they unite is placed a cup-shaped sucker, of very distinct and regular form. By means of this sucker the animal fixes itself in the cellular membrane, and thus anchored, as it were, it is enabled to ride securely through any storm. It will be observed how admirably adapted this mode of attachment is for allowing perfect freedom of motion to the head and mouth.

The *Argulus foliaceus*, a crustaceous animal, is found upon various kinds of small fresh-water fish in this country, as well as elsewhere. The body is covered with a nearly circular shield, flattened above, and transparent. The legs are twelve in number, all of them feathered and pinnate, except the first pair, so that the animal can swim about with facility when it wishes to change its situation. The first pair of legs are converted into suckers, one of the most common and effective means of attachment among these creatures. The mouth is prolonged into a slender-pointed beak; and when the parasite has fixed his suckers, he thrusts this into the body of the fish, and sucks its blood. All efforts to throw off the creature are fruitless, and the poor fish often becomes its victim. Numerous other species similar to this are appropriated to different kinds of fishes, and there is scarcely any part of their body that is secure from the invasion of these troublesome foes. The gills, in particular, are infested by them. One species (*Tristoma coccineum*), upwards of an inch in breadth, and of a vivid red colour, attaches itself to the gills of the sword-fish; another (*Cerops*) to those of the turbot; another (*Diclidostomus*) to those of the sturgeon. These are fixed by suckers. A leech-like worm (*L. brasiliensis*) has several branching horns surrounding its mouth, and with these it takes root, as it were, among the gills of the cod and haddock. *Lernaea ocularis* attaches itself to the eyes of the herring; *Pennella flos*, which is seven or eight inches long, penetrates into the flesh of the sword-fish and various other species, causing great pain. It may be remarked, that the sword-fish is more than usually subject to the attacks of parasites; and the fact of specimens being often

found stranded, has led to the belief that they are at times tormented by them beyond endurance, and cast themselves ashore in despair, to rid themselves at once of their persecutors and their lives. These may serve for examples of the parasites which assail the finny tribes, without entering into the history of the numerous kinds which are more strictly internal feeders or intestinal parasites.

"BIZARRE FABLES."

A NEAT small volume, under the above odd appellation, which has just made its appearance,* deserves a word of notice. The author, who had previously given to the world a volume entitled "Jest and Earnest," appears to possess considerable powers of observation on men and manners, with a happy knack of weaving up little sketches or stories to which a moral may be applied. Wishing every success to this evidently clever writer, we beg to offer a specimen of his fables, which we trust will tempt the reader to procure the remainder for himself—shall we say, for self-improvement?

THE RIVAL.

"So, marriage seems in fashion!" said Basil Eustace, throwing the newspaper on the breakfast-table with an air of contempt.

"A good example for us bachelors," said his friend William Norton, "and one I really think I shall follow ere long, if I can find some kind-hearted girl who will accept me. How feel you, Basil?"

"My dear fellow, don't ask me," said Basil. "I trust there is no symptom of approaching insanity in my manner, and that alone could justify the question. Heavens! to become a husband—perhaps a father! To see eternally the same woman, and be called 'Papa, papa!' by an interesting miniature specimen of humanity in short clothes! Oh! the idea, the mere idea, is dreadful!"

Here Basil Eustace cast his eyes towards a large mirror, so placed that he might behold himself reflected at full length. The excitement had certainly made him a degree paler.

"Well, Eustace, this is too bad!" exclaimed Norton, laughing. "So, because you affect a horror of matrimony, all who have more courage than yourself are to be considered mad. You 'a good match' too! as the conventional slang goes."

"Oh, then, you designate me 'a good match'?" said Eustace: "Prove your words, William," and leaning back in his luxurious chair, he dangled a slipper from the extreme point of his right foot.

"Thus it stands," replied Norton: "You are the eldest son of a baronet, have five thousand a-year, and are a member of Almack's. You are young, not ill-looking, not ignorant, and have talents, if you were not too indolent to exercise them."

"You flatter me," said Eustace, smiling languidly. "But, my good friend, if I possess all these advantages, why give up all the consideration they bring by marriage? Who would care for me then? Depend upon it, the most foolish thing a young man of any pretension can do is to take a wife. If he must commit the folly, let him wait till he has had his day. Forty or fifty is the proper age for a husband!"

"Very philosophical, and very selfish!" exclaimed Norton. "Then, if ever you become that strange animal called a husband, it will not be until you are forty or fifty! Mind you are not entangled before—that's all! The fair Helen will hardly wait so many years, I am afraid."

"Nonsense, Norton!" said Eustace, looking a little confused, however. "What should make you think of her? We have known each other from childhood, and I am sure she only considers me as a brother. We call each other Basil and Helen; and that is too familiar by far."

"Well," said Norton, "take care no disinterested friend of the family asks you suddenly some fine morning 'what your intentions are.' If you were called upon at once to decide, you would find, perhaps, that you could not give her up very easily. But adieu! I must go home and write letters, and will leave you to meditate on my words and Helen Dalton."

Norton departed, and left Basil Eustace indeed meditating deeply. His tirade against matrimony had been more in jest than earnest; and he began to imagine how he should feel if he had seen the marriage of Helen Dalton announced in the newspaper that morning. He discovered plainly that he should not have felt at all placid. To say the truth, though he had talked to Norton about Ellen's considering him only as a brother, he had long entertained a suspicion that he did not look on her only as a sister; and at the present moment this suspicion became stronger than ever. He remembered how disturbed he had been more than once when some handsome young fellow had whispered compliments in her ear, and how indignant he had felt to see her smile instead of frown. "I hope to Heaven," said Basil Eustace, with a sigh; "I hope to Heaven I am not in love!"

A servant entered with a card, which he presented. It was Mr Dalton's, and on the back was written in pencil—"Mr Dalton requests the pleasure of Mr Eustace's company to a quiet dinner at seven."

Basil wrote a brief reply, accepting the invitation, and the servant left the room.

"I shall see her, then, in a few hours," said Basil. "It is strange what an impression those few careless words of Norton have made upon me. Yesterday I should have met Ellen with perfect self-possession; to-day I feel that I shall not do so. Why is this? Can it be possible that I am in love?"

He sighed again more heavily than before, and raising his eyes from the ground, was shocked to discover, by the intelligence of the mirror, how pallid he looked. His hair, too, was in great disorder, and seemed to solicit the friendly aid of a comb. He would not have had Ellen see him then for the world.

Precisely at seven, the cab of Basil Eustace stopped at the door of Mr Dalton.

"Basil," said that gentleman, shaking hands heartily with our hero as he entered the room, "I am delighted to see you. Let me introduce you to some old friends of mine: Mr Thomson, who has just returned from the West Indies, and Mr Dawkins, and Mr Hawkins, and Miss Arabella Jenkins."

Basil Eustace bowed coldly, and sinking into a chair, amused himself by pulling the ear of a favourite dog. In a few minutes afterwards Ellen appeared. She certainly looked most beautiful. There was some embarrassment in the manner of Basil as he offered his greeting, and it seemed to him that she slightly blushed. But why should the blush on this particular occasion? Perhaps he was more observant than usual.

At dinner he found himself, somehow, seated by her side; and the conversation was so interesting that it was impossible to help resuming it as soon as the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. A quiet sheltered corner was the spot chosen, and the subject of the conversation was—marriage.

"Ah! my dear friend," said Basil, with a sentimental air, "beauty and happiness are not always found together. For instance, there is the charming Lucy Melcombe; 'tis whispered that she is fully aware of the merits of another, whilst her father wishes her to marry that monster Simmons. Really it is dreadful—perfectly dreadful! for there is the favoured one totally and wilfully ignorant of what is evident to all but himself; and, in the meantime, the poor girl may be sacrificed to his blindness. So that you see, Ellen, continued Basil, "a lady may be actually in love with a gentleman, and he not at all aware of it."

These words were uttered in our hero's usual *séchacalans* manner, but they seemed to produce a strange effect on the fair Ellen. She became first flushed, then pale, as she turned away her head, and exclaimed, falteringly—"Too true, indeed! Poor Lucy! But come," said she, resuming her composure by an effort, "the company, I see, is adjourning to the dancing-room. Shall we follow?"

Basil hesitated. He felt that he could have remained for ever as he was; he felt a wish to avoid the company below; and, in short, he felt, for the first time, aware that he loved Ellen. Her evident emotion at his last words had filled him with delight, and he ventured to indulge the sweet hope that he was not indifferent to her. Had he, indeed, been describing his own folly in the person of another? and might not the same punishment await further delay?

"Stay, Ellen," said he, detaining her; "now that we are alone, I wish to speak to you on a subject which I feel is essential to my happiness."

"Oh," said she, struggling to appear unconcerned, "you solicit my hand in the first quadrille? Well, your prayer is granted. But let us join our friends immediately, or I fear we shall lose our place."

"No, dearest Ellen!" exclaimed Basil, "my prayer is bolder—far bolder. I can no longer conceal from myself, nor from you, how deeply I love you."

Ellen did not speak; but she suffered him to retain her hand, and her silence was more eloquent than speech could possibly have been. In a few moments, however, she turned her face towards him, and said firmly—"Basil, I will not answer only by blushes and half-finished sentences, as most of my sex perhaps would do, but I will speak to you calmly and sincerely. I am aware, then, that I have a favoured rival, to whom less attention must be paid before you can hope for any return of the affection you profess for me."

"A rival!" exclaimed Basil; "let me assure you!"

"Nay," interrupted Ellen, smiling, "I know all. Do not think to deceive me. Listen: there is one who, under the guise of a friend, continually lures you to the homage you now disavow. Have I your permission to remove this false friend from about you?"

"To do anything," said Basil. "But what means this mystery? Believe me!"

"Enough," said Ellen; "I accept your permission, and promise you I will act upon it."

With these words, and a look full of meaning, she tripped away, leaving Basil in a state of the most unaffected astonishment. Too thoughtful to rejoin the company, he quitted the house and proceeded home.

He slept none at all that night, and morning found him still bewildered in a labyrinth of thoughts. A rival! What could she mean? "One who, under the guise of a friend, continually lures you to the homage you now disavow." It was perfect enigma. "There is but one way," said Basil: "I will seek an interview with Ellen at once, and request—demand an explanation from her own lips." He descended to the breakfast-room. "But stay," said he—"a feverish, sleepless night!—I must look wretchedly hag-

gard." Advancing to the mirror, he suddenly started back: it was shivered to atoms. He was about to ring the bell violently, when his eye was attracted by a sealed paper lying amongst the fragments. He seized it, broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"I have kept my word, and your false friend is no more. Do not be angry, for the murderer is ELLEN."

The paper fell from his hands. "Sweet Ellen!" he exclaimed, "I thank you for the deed. Too well I understand now who was your rival. The enigma is solved, and I see how poor a part I have played. I have trifled with your feelings like a vain fool; but my future conduct shall make amends."

And it did. He was more affectionate and unselfish as a husband than he had been as a lover. His friends were astonished at the great change in his character; and a little change in his habits struck them too—in the whole house, from the garret to the kitchen, not a full-length mirror was to be seen.

MORAL.—A man who is so far enamoured of himself as to neglect all others, is very apt to be left by others with the single object of his regard.

PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION IN SWITZERLAND.

UNTERSEEN—LAUTERBRUNNEN—ASCENT OF THE

WENGERN ALP.

AUGUST 20.—To-day we resolved to make a detour to Berne, whether we had directed our friends at home to write to us; so, after sailing along the lakes of Brienz and Thun, we hired a vehicle, which brought us back to the lakes next morning. This tour having been elsewhere described, I take up the thread of the narrative from our return to the lakes.

August 21.—We were not able to leave Unterseen till between one and two o'clock, and thus our day was somewhat abbreviated. Our destination was, in the first place, the Bernese Oberland or Highlands—those wondrous assemblage of precipices, torrents, and glaciers, of whose savage glories we had hitherto had but distant and tempting glimpses. Our first point was the valley of Lauterbrunnen, running nearly due south of Unterseen. For some miles, as we walked towards the giant portals of the "palaces of nature," we were among flat verdant pastures, so rich and precious-looking, that we felt it a duty to be careful not to diverge from the pathway, lest we should injure the crop. Coming, however, to two small villages at the extremity of the alluvial land, the scene changed suddenly. The path ascended quickly into a narrow gorge, where rocks rose on either side, covered in all accessible places with pines, through whose dark foliage we could see the white flashing of a fierce stream, the roar of which at the same time came full and deafening on the ear. This torrent was the Lutschine, and it was with no slight eagerness that I scrambled to its brink, for I knew it to be one of those great glacier streams, which, coming forth furious from their icy halls, roll down into the great European rivers, unmatched for the rapidity of their mighty currents. My expectations were not disappointed when I had a full view of the broad white stream, and looked along it far into the recesses of the gorge from which it issued. I have seen the Highland streams in their most excited moments—for instance, in the great floods of 1829—but never had I seen in them anything to compare with the ruthless impetuosity of these glacier torrents. When the Dee has been in a "spate," as it is termed, I have sometimes found amusement in floating down the stream, and trying how fast it could carry me. At some spots where there are rocks or eddies, this might be a dangerous amusement; but what strikes one at once in the character of these Swiss streams is, that nowhere do you see any portion where, if you were tumbling in, it were possible for you to escape with life. The quantity of mineral substances held in solution in these streams makes them thick and muddy; and, on the whole, they have much more of the terrific about them than the beautiful.

The valley did not, like many others we had seen, expand when the narrow portals were passed. It grew narrower and narrower as we went on, and the rocks became more precipitous. Near the entrance the pines were very abundant, but, farther on, the bare rock shot up straight and perpendicular, for a height, we supposed, of about 2000 feet. On the face of these precipices we observed a remarkable instance of disturbance in the strata, which were folded over and over like a table-cloth. The valley is divided into two branches, of which that diverging to the right, and leading to Lauterbrunnen, was our route. These valleys are severed from each other by a like series of precipices with that which bounds either side of the united glen. A little after the separation, there presented itself right before us a mass of rock towering overhead, and literally beyond the perpendicular, for the more friable stone below appeared to have decreased through decay, while above, the mass projected itself forward like a great circular wall plumb to the top. It was opposite to this rock that, turning a bend of the ravine, we beheld an object that showed how nature could cast even these mighty bulwarks into insignificance by rearing still grander works above them; for over these rocks, which were so near us and so high, we saw, towards the south, the distant Jungfrau, calm and serene, spreading forth her wide bosom of eternal snows—a fitting empress to hold sway over that wild domain of mountain and precipice.

It had become known to us, that as on this journey we should see physical nature in its noblest form, we should, on the other hand, see moral nature in one of its most degraded aspects. It is the sad fate of spots frequented by tourists, that the chances of gain from scattered profusion supersede the desire to live by honest industry. We are severe on foreigners for their readiness to bow before our mammon—their profuse willingness to barter their natural birthright of independence; but I suspect we overlook the extent to which the canker has spread in our own country. In some districts of the Highlands, the tourists have in-grafted the vices without the virtues of civilisation on the original wild nature of the population, and have produced a sort of mixture of the lacquey and the sorcerer. The other day, at Arthur's Seat, I was surrounded by children clamorous for the honour of giving me a glass of water from St Anthony's Well. It must be admitted, however, that the precursor of this degradation at home is generally extreme poverty.

In the Oberland it is otherwise: genteel begging is a profession, and those who practise it evidently thrive by it. And here let us remark how heavy is the responsibility of those who, by a careless and childish liberality, foster this spirit, and hand over a people to degradation. Among the class of persons who travel in Switzerland, a few *batzen* thrown every now and then from the carriage window is a paltry sacrifice, and more than repaid by the vanity of superior affluence and the profuse gratitude of the recipients. It is in a restraint from such gratifications that a really generous feeling for the people is shown; and we think every man who sees the degradation produced by this species of mendicancy, should inculcate, among tourists, the doctrine of restraint with all his influence. There were several children with baskets of fruit, who were a little clamorous and urgent, to be sure, but whose proceedings were nevertheless all in the way of business and perfectly fair; they proclaimed their prices, and showed an enterprising spirit of competition. These, however, were the denizens of the flat and fruitful banks of Thun. As we went farther up the ravine, a different class appealed to us, who had no just claim to the merits of reciprocity. The best return they had to offer consisted in worthless fragments of quartz, bunches of flowers, or cholera-looking wild-berries. I have known instances where people have treated these efforts as a manifestation of the natural romance and fine feeling of the country, looking upon the

"Peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands that offer early flowers."

as a set of pure beings whose noddles have never been peopled by mercenary notions, and to whom it would be profanity to offer any vulgar dross of coin, whether silver or copper. I know not if there has been much real sincerity in this view of the matter, but, at all events, the artless peasants are now "up to" the trick; and whether you receive their present or not, they show, both by word and gesture, an enthusiastic desire to possess some pecuniary token of your good will. Many of these mendicants do not even offer the semblance of value, but hold out their hands in your face with sturdy expression of greed in their eyes, and as resolute a manner as if they had been authorised, by an arrêt of the diet, to collect taxes from all travellers in that region. As we approached the village of Lauterbrunnen, several girls, about twelve years old, kept running alongside of us, apparently every now and then making an effort to range themselves in line along the road; but it appeared that we walked too fast to let them accomplish the manoeuvre. What particular design they had upon us was a complete mystery; we only felt assured on one point—that the quarter against which it must be aimed was the purse. At last, a portion of these nymphs, by a dexterous forced march across a mound which we had to pass round, fairly flanked us, and were enabled to open their attack. They did so by opening their mouths, and uttering a series of harsh, grating sounds; and this was, it seems, the far-famed *Ranz des vaches*, or the local version of it. I know not whether it was that the songstress had been simultaneously seized with sore throat, or that the rate we compelled them to proceed at was unfavourable to their vocal powers; but this I can attest, that any sounds more harsh I never heard from mortal lips. Well might Wordsworth say—

"I listen, but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion."

I have the satisfaction to say that they got nothing by their movement, except a scolding, which we saw administered to them by the less agile fellow-choristers on whom they had attempted to steal a march.

But to return to more pleasing matters. Long we strained our eyes to see the great ornament of this narrow glen—the *Staubach*, or fall of dust; and at length we traced its graceful thread-like outline, dividing the face of one of the perpendicular precipices on our right. There is an appearance of something like a design to appropriate this fall, for the path to it leads through the inn. There is no inconsiderable sagacity in such an arrangement; for when you have to pass through a man's house to see any object, you cannot help feeling under something like an obligation to him, and the creation of such a feeling among tourists is mighty advantageous to an innkeeper. The chief sentiment, however, experienced in approaching

this fall, is the impression of its surpassing beauty. When still far from it, you gaze up at the ledge from which the water leaps, with the eyes at a wide angle to the earth, for the cataract is said to be 900 feet high, nearly the sixth part of a mile. It receives its name from the circumstance that, owing to the great height, the small supply of water is dispersed into something like the semblance of dust before it reaches the earth; but whether because recent rain had swelled the stream, or because I took a different view of the subject, it did not appear that the description was quite applicable. The descending water had an appearance of continuity from top to bottom, but its volume was thin and transparent, allowing the rocks behind to be dimly seen through it as if they were covered by light lace. Prodigies is the quantity of spray dispersed around, and green and beautiful are the grassy mounds it refreshes. The *Staubach* is not a sight of which one would easily tire; yet we left its ethereal presence at last, feeling that though dust-falls may be very beautiful, inns, too, have their attractions.

As the sun had already ceased to penetrate into the deep and narrow valley of Lauterbrunnen, and we wished to sleep at a small inn we had heard of on the Wengern alp, we resolved, with some regret, so far to resign our freedom of motion as to put ourselves into the hands of a guide, sagaciously judging that we would not easily discover, in the dark, a house to which there was no road, perched somewhere or other on a mountain 6000 feet above the sea level. The person to whom we were committed was a most respectable-looking body, short and dumpy, with a quiet and rather shrewd sandy-coloured face. He had no sort of mountaineer or wilderness humpab about him, being attired in a felt hat and a rough grey cloth coat of a broadish cut, with trousers to match. He had much the appearance of a small muirland farmer; and if he had been met, precisely as he joined us, on the banks of Ettrick or Yarrow, instead of the Lutschine, nobody would have turned to look at him. He was sober, civil, and unobtrusive; perhaps the more so as he spoke only German, of which our stock was more select than extensive. He seemed to have but one ruling motive, which was the desire to relieve us, as far as he possibly could, of the burden of our five-franc pieces, in order that as many as possible of them might be transferred to his own pocket. Though he had the appearance of being a tough sturdy creature, he either was not physically strong, or he had been hard worked on some late occasion, for, as he went along, he exhibited frequent symptoms of fatigue; sometimes hung behind, was always ready to sit down, and frequently wiped the perspiration from his brow.

In truth, we had a pretty tough climb of it up that steep and endless bank; but it would be hard to say what labour would be too great to be rewarded by the gorgeous scene that presented itself, when we reached a sort of landing-place, from which we could look from the precipices that had frowned over us eastward when we were threading the glen. The first and noblest object of the scene was the Jungfrau with all her snows—not coldly white, as we had seen her from below, but bathed in a glowing hue of pink cast over her by the setting sun, whose rays then gazed upon her alone, and provided the landscape only with the light reflected from her ample snows. Right before us were the precipices on the western side of the glen, their brows collecting a soft twilight hue from the neighbouring snows and the reflection of the sky, but the gloom darkening on their faces as the eye scanned the surface downwards, and at length reached the deep night in which the bottom of the valley was reposing. Into this wide abyss, where the eye could find nothing but darkness, the lovely *Staubach* was seen falling. The top of the fall was clear, as if the evening sun shone upon it; but it darkened as it went down, and at last its slender thread was lost in the gloom. As if to increase the fairy-looking effect of this scene, a collection of eccentric rocks, cropping from the top of the opposite precipices, ranged themselves into the exact form of a feudal castle. It was not a mere shadowy outline—every thing seemed to be complete—barbican wall, screen, and battlemented tower; if it had not been ten times larger than any edifice human hands ever reared, we must have supposed it a veritable castle; and our guide seeing how intently we gazed on it, thought it right to favour us with the information that it was not a real *schloss*.

The path, which had been hitherto very abrupt, still tending eastward, brought us now through some fields of fine grass, on a bend of the mountain. There are at this point many *chalets* scattered about, and we saw their junior inmates carrying various wooden vessels on their way to and from the milking of the goats. A drink of goat's milk being decided upon by our party as a wholesome and agreeable beverage, means were immediately taken to procure a supply. These means were quite different from what we would have had to pursue at home. Instead of intimating, in the form of bargain and sale, our desire to be the purchasers of a certain quantity of the commodity—a measure that would have involved a needless train of unavailing efforts, in the most difficult of languages—we contented ourselves with laying a hand on one of the wooden vessels in question, and appropriating its contents. Now, had we attempted any such operation in our own independent land, the most stolid urchin would have uttered some indignant exclamations, or made appeal to the vengeance of some father, mother, or "big brother." Here it was quite otherwise. The

youth took a commercial view of the transaction. His discrimination taught him at a glance that we were "good" for so many batzen, and he watched our proceedings with a smiling and satisfied face. After all, it is on the continent only that British liberty can be enjoyed to perfection. At home, every man's freedom of action is counteracted to a certain extent by that of his neighbour's; but in the tourist-frequented parts of the continent, you may do precisely whatever you please, provided you are ready to pay for it. As we proceeded on our way, one of these bucolic urchins threw down his pail with such inconsiderate haste as to upset it, and ran off on some very evident design for his own benefit. He appeared presently with an alpine horn—a sort of wooden trumpet about his own size—and placing himself before a petty perpendicular cliff, remarkable, I suppose, for its echo, blew a loud, full, thrilling blast, which was re-echoed over and over, as if it had scattered itself in fragments of sound among all the surrounding mountains. This was a nice case of pecuniary ethics. We had resolved to give no encouragement to the begging propensities of the district; but we had wished to hear the alpine horn, and we had heard it, and it had been sounded for our special ears by a skilful performer, so we thought we were bound in justice to pay for it, and did so.

The night deepened as we left the chalets behind us. Indeed, so dark did it become at last, that it was with difficulty that we could see each other when three or four feet apart; and we followed the footsteps of our guide in a string, cautiously and silently, like Indians on a trail. There was no path, and we felt that our way was for some time beneath the shade of trees; but even when it was evident that we had mounted beyond the forest belt, and were treading the bare hill, the darkness was equally profound; no stars could be seen. There was no wind, but a sort of stifling darkness in the air, and it was evident that we might safely characterize ourselves as "under a cloud." In the midst of this silence and darkness, there came upon our ears a loud prolonged roar, like the continued discharge of artillery. It did not require the guide's information to let us know, while we stopped and held our breath, that an avalanche was falling—an occurrence which sometimes takes place by night, but not so frequently as by day. It sounded most startlingly near; yet we knew there was a wide valley between us and the Jungfrau, from whose snowy sides it must have descended. On we went, climbing higher and higher, the cold bracing our limbs for exertion. At last the guide suddenly stopped, a door was opened as if it had been the removal of a portion of the mist from before us, a bright light shone forth, and we found ourselves in the passage of a not uncomfortable-looking tavern. There we partook of a plentiful supper, the chief ingredient of which was chamois steaks; and we remarked that we had never seen a better-filled board than was presented to us by the Inn of the Jungfrau, as this establishment calls itself.

FAVOURITE PHRASES OF THE PRESS.

It must have been remarked by many that, in newspaper and other popular writing, certain terms and phrases are every now and then coming into use, which every body for a while employs on all possible occasions, until, becoming rather stale, they are left to the very weak and small writers alone, or go altogether out of fashion. Generally, these words are first used on some remarkable occasion, and by a remarkable man. Running a complete round of all the world's newspapers, they come at once into every body's mouth, and pass into universal currency; and it is only when mankind at large get thoroughly disgusted with them, that they are allowed to drop.

In our young days, one of the most current of these words was *refreshing*. All sorts of things, from an unaffectedly written book to a glass of ginger beer, were refreshing. Every body was fain to affect a sort of exhaustion and fatigue from the absurdities and follies of the world, in order to have an opportunity of saying of something that it was "refreshing." This universal mania for things refreshing was the consequence of nothing more or less than the employment of the word in a striking and epigrammatic manner in one of the articles of the "Edinburgh Review." The eagerness for things refreshing has of late years experienced a marked decline. The simple fact is, that the word has been worn threadbare.

For some years past there has been a great run upon the word *category*. The logical world has had categories since the days of Archytas of Tarentum. Pythagoras caught them up there, and passed them to Plato. From Aristotle to Kant, all philosophers have laid stress upon the categories. But the public never heard much of the word till La Fayette, one day soon after the last French Revolution, spoke of one part of Europe being under the category of despotism and another under the category of liberalism. The term took at once, and since then every gentle-

man of the press classifies every thing under categories. Logicians before that period attached a particular meaning to the word, which is not by any means strictly attended to by gentlemen of the press; but that is of little consequence, of course, according to the modern code, if only the word be understood as it is meant. However, we rather think category has become a little worn out, and is beginning to be not nearly so much in request as it once was.

The time at which category arose, gave birth to a few other phrases that have been a good deal hacked about. To use all constitutional means, was justly thought to be a most important principle in policy. The word *people* gave place to *the masses*, and the procedure connected with any measure was held as a *movement*. Proposals for general butchery, which our ancestors would have spoken of in some candid but disagreeable manner, were elegantly adumbrated under the term *physical force*. When moderate people did any thing, the fervid spoke of them as *enacting the farce of so and so*; and when something suspiciously plausible was brought forward, the only remark made about it was "*Bah!*" Any thing uncommon or startling was sure to frighten somebody from his *property*. Even in the most simple domestic matters, any one happening to be taken somewhat by surprise, invariably *looked unutterable things*. There have always been nobility and gentry in England; but it was only now that any one discovered that there was an *aristocracy*. The most unpretending specimen of a gentleman living on a competency in a country town, now became one of the aristocracy. It was at an earlier time that the word *population* came into vogue, probably in consequence of Mr Malthus's doctrines. Goldsmith, speaking of the intrusion of a mad dog into a village, would have said—"The inhabitants rose to give it chase;" but a modern newspaper, chronicling such an event, would say—"The population rose to a man." Population, we believe, does not strictly apply to persons; but no matter. Let the word, like the dog, have its day. Besides, we always observe that, when grammarians begin to persecute a word, it is sure to be just the more persisted in. The best way to get the British "population" out of any such heresy is to let them flounder in it till they are wearied, when they will be pretty sure to get out of it themselves.

One of the favourite phrases of the press will be, we hope, generally acknowledged to be entitled to more than usual respect—the *law of the land*. Laws were long ago laws, and the law was the law; but when the Reform Bill was passed, it was owned, by a conservative on a particular hustings, to be the law of the land, and as such entitled to fair play; and the law of the land has ever since been a reigning phrase.

A few years ago, when any paragraph appeared in one newspaper which seemed excessively absurd to another, it was customary to quote it with the addition of *Fudge*. This did very well for a while, but, unluckily, a libellous paragraph being quoted with this addition, both the paper which originated it and that which quoted it with the addition, were cast in damages, the judge affecting not to know what fudge meant, though all the world did. This was a cruel commentary on a jest, and the word has since been modestly withdrawn from circulation.

Clique, and *length and breadth of the land*, are also phrases of the last ten years. Any quiet little set of gentlemen who take upon themselves the trouble of managing some piece of public business which nobody else will attend to, is now a *clique*, and, being a clique, they must necessarily be very bad. *Length and breadth of the land* is a good demagogue phrase. It comes finely off the tongue, and tells well on a crowd. Tell any large assemblage that such and such a cause is pervading the country, it will have no effect at all; but say to them that it has gone or is going over the length and breadth of the land, and the sensation on the extreme left and extreme right, the centre, and all over the house, becomes tremendous.

There are also a few learned phrases which gentlemen of the press, and particularly newspaper editors, were in the habit of sporting on all occasions, by way of showing their intimate acquaintance with the classics, but which have now become dreadfully threadbare. Suppose a statesman, in an opposite line of politics, had promised to carry through a measure of importance, the newspaper writer, not many years ago, would probably express himself thus in relation to the matter:—"The subject has been propounded with as much *sang froid* as if the intentions of the hon. gentleman were perfectly *bona fide*. Why, every one at

all conversant with the gentleman's history is well aware that the *measure in question* will pass about the period of the *Greco Kalenda*. *Exerto credere!*—we well know the motives of the hon. gentleman. His political character has hitherto presented one of the blackest pieces of *tergiversation* and *blackguardism* (these expressions must be understood in a *parliamentary sense*) to be found in the whole range of our political history. *Eheu! credat Judas!* Let no man be deceived by the pretences of the right hon. gentleman. *Verba sap!*—The threatenings of power, in newspaper language, used to be a *mere bruten fulmen*; and a legislative measure not advancing was *in statu quo*. It may be noticed, too, that statesmen invariably "kept the word of promise to the ear," and were as regularly advised to "assume a virtue if they had it not." A drinking bout in honour of some civic dignitary was elegantly styled "*The feast of reason and the flow of soul*";—at which feast the honoured party expressed himself in a manner "which did equal credit to his head and heart," and, in allusion to the "novel and affecting" nature of his situation, actually shed tears, "albeit unused to the melting mood." The public, however, seem heartily sick of all this affectation; at all events, the phrases noticed have been repeated *usque ad nauseam*, and may as well sleep henceforth in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

After this exposé of the favourite phrases of the press in our widely circulated journal, will any writer within these realms ever use any of them again? We pause for a reply.

A SCOTTISH TUTOR'S FIRST SITUATION.

There is much humour, and something of a more important quality, historical value, in an account of his first situation, given by a Scottish Tutor in a series of papers in Constable's long deceased "Edinburgh Magazine." The author, now a professor in one of the northern universities, began his career about fifty years ago, as teacher of the children of a comfortable Dumfriesshire farmer of the old class; and his description of that person's household and family strikes us as at once highly amusing, and a curious record of a style of things now quite passed away. It was about his sixteenth year that his widowed mother agreed with the honest farmer that her son should establish himself as tutor in his house during the six or seven weeks' recess of the school at which he was proceeding with his own education. The remuneration agreed upon was of a nature which might have seemed proper in the eyes of a Spartan—four fleeces of wool, to be spun into clothes for the young scholar, a ewe-milk cheese, half a stone of butter, three white shillings, and the use of the grey nag to the Martinmas market at Dumfries. Writing twenty years ago, the author thus proceeds:—

"I felt, as I ascended the brae towards the place of my autumn destination, that I was about to enter upon an untried state of existence; and my agitation as, first, the blue and writhing smoke, and, latterly, the spiked and lacerated kitchen-lum head, with the roofing of the whole onstead, rose gradually upon my vision, was very considerable. At this moment the butter, the cheese, the wool, and even the grey nag himself, appeared as nothing in comparison with the sacrifice of comfort and domestic happiness I was on the point of making. I absolutely sat down upon a grey stone, turned my eyes towards my native glen, and, whilst I could contemplate many well-known and familiar objects in the immediate neighbourhood of my beloved home, I thought of the kindly hearts I had left, and could have wished myself a cat, or a dog, or a chicken, provided I could have thus enjoyed the privilege which these animals were now enjoying. To have been fixed, at this moment, as the disobedient wife of the patriarch Lot was fixed, would not, in my present state of despondency, have vexed me; and I deliberated for a considerable time whether I should advance upon my new residence and office, or retreat at once, and give up all ideas of harvest service and gain.

Whilst I sat in this state of suspense, casting many a longing lingering look towards my native Jerusalem, the land of my household gods, the sweet abode of my heart's earlier and later, habitual, sole content, I was saluted by the barking of a colley-dog, who retreated, as if with suspicion (like a courtier, however, still facing me), from my august and gloomy presence, and retired upon the plaided protection of his master. In a word, I now found myself in the presence and under the guidance of 'the gude-man himself,' who, having taken a turn to the hill to survey the sheep, had seen me on my way, and having discovered my advance, had shaped his descent from the height accordingly. 'Come awa', lad,' said the kindly and honest-hearted farmer in a most encouraging tone; 'kail time's a' lucky time; come awa' hame, and we'll see what the gudewife has got for hungry stomachs. Ye'll be e'en a wee yaunpish' after your lang journey; and the weans, puir things, are a' out on the Pyt Know-head, glowing out their een for ye.' This address, very luckily, left me no time for hesitation; so onwards I went, keeping, if not pace, at least parallel with my conductor's strides; and after encountering a strange bevy of children, and dogs, and boggling cattle, I arrived in safety, through dub and mire, at the side of the kitchen fire. I was seated beside the gude-man upon the lang-settle; and whilst dinner was getting forward, I had begun to contemplate my new situation.

Immediately before me there blazed a large peat fire upon a millstone hearth, which, sloping off on all sides,

* Hungry, appetised.

caused every burning sled which tumbled down to drift to a considerable distance. Over this fire was suspended a large posy of newly 'seized' potatoes, sprinkled over thickly with salt, and sending up, from their cracking and steaming skins, a misty flavour. Beside the fire stood a kail pot, still bubbling and chuckling over—somewhat more inviting contents; and the cubbard, or dresser, gave support to a smoking pail or cogful of crap whey. Above the hearth sat the household gods, in the shape of two barefooted boys—my future pupils, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, scratching their heads manfully from time to time, and looking at the master as if they had been surveying the lion in the Tower. Over their heads, and that of a newly arrived servant lass, who was evidently set in for dinner, hung a drapery, partly composed of old stockings, hosehens, children's clothes, and newly suspended sheep-skins turned inside out, and still indicating, by a few drops of blood on the sooty and dusty bench, that they had not been many hours separated from the carcass they originally covered. The gudewife, with a young child in her arms, or rather hanging leech-ways at her breast, and carefully turned over towards the fire, sat on the opposite side, amidst a whole brood of younglings who had just escaped, as their hands, faces, and clothes, and whole appearance indicated, from contending with the pigs, or following at every risk the ducks through all the depths and green defilements of the byre-door dub or fleshen. Towards the outer-door, and in the rear of all this, were to be seen wet plaids suspended over the corners of beds, and a marshalled supply of kents or stiffs, which showed their hooked and variously ornamented heads from above beds and presses, where they had been lodged 'out of the bairn's way.' There was no ceiling, or ornamental frieze; but the absence of this was supplied by a canopy of dense blue smoke, through which, at intervals, the rannal tree and rafters gleamed in all the indistinct decoration of sooty japanned work. Men and women poured in and, and, without any salutation or ceremony, took their seats or stations precisely where they could find them; and in a few minutes after my arrival, the kitchen exhibited the appearance of a crowded 'kill-oggie' at hallowe'en. Here, in fact, every thing wore the aspect of liberty and happiness. The cricket chirruped behind the furnace fire with a peculiar note of freedom and comfort. The kittens played and romped at large; whilst the more sedate mothers of the feline race were carefully navigating their way through and amongst the 'sporades,' immediately beneath and in front of the kitchen table. The servant lass, with her petticoat tucked up, chanted aloud whilst she rinsed the pots or arranged the dishes for dinner. The dogs and elder boys were upon the most intimate and familiar terms imaginable; and the wheals, or puppies, shared the buttering, if not the bread, with the younger children.

All the distinction which attached to the master of this primitive establishment consisted in the privilege of saying grace at meal-time, and of giving prayers at night and morning; whilst the gudewife was quite contented with such casual marks of command and authority as the scolding of the maids and the conducting of her kitchen economy implied. The gudeman, together with the greatest simplicity of manners, was exceedingly irascible, and not unfrequently burst out into paroxysms of rage which were not less striking than ridiculous; but so soon as the evil spirit had departed from Saul, which, in ordinary cases, took place in a very short time, the spring-side of his natural benevolence returned in full and accumulated flow.

One day he chanced to discover a young horse in the midst of a corn field, and quietly employed in appropriating the grain to his use. Having made several efforts, but without success, to remedy the evil, and finding that in spite of all his and his dog's noisy and preposterous measures, the transgressor still advanced farther into the field, trailing the grain in mouthfuls, and breaking it sadly down, he flew into a paroxysm of passion, ran home as fast as his feet could carry him, and having armed himself with an old Queen-Anne gun, was upon the point, when arrested by the hand of a less merciful monarch, of 'laying a handful of slugs under the old jade's flanks,' as he expressed it. This servant received a pair of extra shoes against next Martinmas Wednesday for his prudent interference. On another occasion, one of his own children having suddenly excited his displeasure, he took up the offender and dashed him violently and headlong into the duck pond; but coming immediately, as was usual, to his better senses, he snatched the culprit from his comforts rather than dangerous situation, and carrying the 'pair wean' in to his mother, absolutely shed tears over his own cruelty and rashness. Of this circumstance advantage was afterwards taken in procuring a suit of new clothes for the sufferer against the next Thornhill fair. There was not an occasion, in a word, on which the gudeman appeared in extraordinary power and authority, from which he did not retire vanquished and subdued.

The gudewife's character is more difficult to individualise, and yet, in my own imagination and recollection, she sits as separate and distinct as her husband. In one respect she was his perfect counterpart; for nothing on earth could put her into a passion, or make her lose that cool, equable, *most* teasing demeanour, which was natural to her. One could never tell whether she had succeeded in giving her satisfaction or not; for if she were displeased, she said little, and looked still less; and if she were satisfied, her external indications of approbation were equally questionable. She moved slowly but steadily in the midst of her family, smoking her pipe, nursing her child, superintending the cheese-making, observing glaring negligences, and keeping the gudeman in mended stockings and night-caps.

The two boys, who, properly speaking, were my pupils, had attained to considerable address in leading carts in watering horses, and in all that scientific tact which lazy servants know so well how to induce upon easily flattered

* Roasting of apples and burning nuts at a kill-oggie, on hallowe'en, was a favourite amusement with our ancestors.

and active children; but as to literary attainments, having never visited a school, or experienced until now the benefit of a teacher, they were glaringly deficient. Though advanced, nominally, into the Proverbs and the New Testament, and made acquainted, by the ear, with the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the 'Belief,' they were, in reality, still labouring with the perplexing similarities of the 'b's and the 'd's, the 'p's and the 'q's, and would rather have turned all the sheep upon the hill, or watered all the horses in the grass park, than have mastered the alphabet.

Soon after dinner, the two urchins were urged forward by the compulsory hands of their mother into my august presence; and upon putting a few simple questions to them in succession, I found that the one regularly looked into the face of the other for an answer. The fact was, that in spite of all my endeavours to suit and accommodate my queries to their opportunities and apprehension, I still found myself unsuccessful; till having observed the nether extremities of a humble or earth-beet hanging by the waistcoat-breast of the elder urchin, I made inquiry respecting the amount of 'binks,'* with the knowledge of which he was blessed, and found him deeply versed and correctly informed upon the subject. 'Sandy, there, kene o' three foggies and twa red bottoms; but I ken of a real blue bummer, as big as the tap o' yere thumb, man.' This conversation brought us completely into acquaintanceship, and even familiarity, and laid open the floodgates of Rab and Sandy's speech—an evil which all my future art and authority could never remedy.

Towards evening I was conducted into the 'mid-room,' an apartment which lay at an equal distance from the 'but' and from the 'ben,' where, being a stranger, I had tea administered to me by the gudewife herself. Here, surrounded by every kind of children's clothes, and immersed in the gudeman's whole wardrobe of wearing apparel, which lay heaped up upon two wooden chairs, we sat on the side or stock of an adjoining bed, and in immediate opposition to an old fusty *maiden*,† who flourished out her elbows and spread abroad her train in antique style from over the chimney-piece. And here the gudewife and I became so well acquainted and gracious, that long ere the tea was over, I had a squalling brat on each knee, and had been regularly apprised of the obligation under which such occasional accommodation to her convenience in this way would place her. Having never in my life been accustomed to children, I made but an indifferent and somewhat awkward nurse; but the mother praised my address; and all, in so far, was well.

At night, after supper, and at the very instant when the gudeman had given out the first line of the psalm, in the midst of a half-sleeping audience, I was kindly nodded away by the gudewife, and conducted 'ben' to my bed, of which both my precious pupils had previously taken possession, and where they were already lying 'heads and thumbs,' with the blankets (for sheets there were none) tossed and roped about in the utmost derangement and confusion. Nor were these, my restless and unaccommodating pupils, the only company I had to contend with during the night; for the ben-house having been appropriated, with the exception of the corner where the bed stood, from time immemorial, to the reception of wool, there had collected and consociated, year after year, a vast variety and a countless amount of vermin, which, like the beasts of prey mentioned in the Psalmist, salied out during the silence and repose of the night upon predatory excursions. Their motions and evolutions were so rapid, that, like a certain queen of a celebrated city, I could have wished to have had a train of artillery in my chamber, to attack and discomfit them. However, such is the happy constitution of youth and health, and a substantial potato supper, that, after a few fruitless endeavours to diminish the number of assailants by an offensive warfare, I wrapt myself up, as Horace has it, in 'my own integrity,' and positively fell into a sound sleep.

When I awoke in the morning, the light had just begun to dawn over the damp and dreary solitude of my, or rather our chamber, and I could still hear the gudeman's powerful and highly pitched voice twining away at the psalms in the kitchen, where, on the preceding evening, I had left him. This circumstance at first occasioned me some surprise, as I had left him singing at night, and concluded that he had not yet ceased his devotional exercise; but upon further investigation, I found that I had slept longer than I had imagined, and that hence my misapprehension had originated.

Here, indeed, I was nominally the instructor of youth, and had the benefit of having myself addressed by young and old under the imposing title of 'the master'; but in fact my daily and habitual employment lay a hundred miles distant from all and every species of teaching. Whenever a push of domestic labour (which during harvest is an event unusually frequent) required the immediate agency of the kitchen-maid and of her assistant, in all humble subordiancy, the mistress, I was immediately summoned into action. The cradle was to rock; the bairn 'to tent a wee,' and to keep out of the fire; the broth pot was to cool, and to prevent from o'er-boiling; and I was intrusted with all the weighty and inviting contents of a 'barrel-kirn.' The herd's cog of porridge were likewise to be borne a-field; and many a soft and misty morning have I seen him skin off the brat, and leave the 'clouted' loggings for the service of his dog, beneath the comfortless covering of a wet and spongy plaid. At dinner time, too, I found myself loaded with a stoupful of broth on my head—steady, boys, steady!—and a brace of milk cogs in either hand; and in this guise and capacity it behoved me to make my approach to the harvest 'boon.' For the gudeman, likewise, I was all hands, arms, and legs, converting myself, at his bidding, into a driver of carts, a trumper down of hay, or a turner of fanners. I could never be made acquainted, however, with the art of forking or of threshing corn, though I was occasionally compelled to make the essay.

* Hives.

† This is the handful of oats which has been cut last the preceding harvest, dressed up into the shape and designation of a maiden.

All this was quite foreign to my former habits; and had it not been that I was gloriously fed, was, after all, kindly used, and looked forward to a rousing *kirn*,* and the grey nag to Dumfries market, I had certainly taken a moonlight leave of my present residence. Yet still I had moments and seasons of most melancholy reflection and longing desire, when I thought of home and all its comforts and early associations. They only who have been brought up amidst the sublimity and withdrawing of mountain scenery—whose affections have been early wedded to the few but permanent and kindly objects which a home thus situated presents—such only can appreciate the full force and depth of my present feelings, that sinking of the soul and despondency of spirit which obtains when 'home,' for the first time in particular, is no longer within immediate and every-day reach. Never did a descendant of Heber, whilst weeping by the brink, and suspending his harp upon the willow-tree of Babel's stream, long more ardently for Zion, city of the living God, than did the unfortunate subject of this history for the burn, the yard, and whole consecrated aspect and establishment of home.

The harvest at last drew towards a close, and 'the kirn,' the long anticipated feast of ingathering, arrived. On the day of the *winning*, as it is termed, of this agricultural conquest, the gudeman's boon amounted to upwards of fifty hooks, for there had been a general turnout from the adjoining villages and farm towns, to aid gratis and voluntarily, in the accomplishment of this desirable event. Whole hecatombs had been boiled and roasted, and the barn smoked to the rigging, before seven o'clock at night, with every variety of viand in which peasant and hungry stomachs are known to delight. It is needless to particularise where every thing was deserving of commemoration, or to excite the longing of some unhappy reader by description, without being able to gratify it; suffice it to say, that neither haggis nor pudding, of every rank and authority, from the plebeian 'white hause,' up to the imperial 'ribby with the girds,' were absent, and that the herd 'callan' had like to have choked upon the first mouthful of stewed meat, in his unpropitious and unsanctified haste to secure a bellyful. What had begun in good eating ended in equally valorous drinking, and in all that demonstration of noisy merriment and gleesome delight which a blind fiddler could countenance from his four-stringed and otherwise deficient instrument.

When I returned home, at the end of this my first 'service,' and found myself again conversant with the poets and historians of antiquity, I felt as if, from a state of slavery, I had all at once ascended into freedom and honour; and for the dungeon's damp and confinement, was again permitted to breathe free and dry air, under a blue sky and an ample horizon. On all former occasions of harvest recess, I had returned to my winter tasks with a heavy and a peevish spirit, regretting the past, and averse to encounter the future; but at this time the idea of the school, and the master, and the class, and the emulation, and the honour, and the victory, came upon my newly-awakened faculties in one tide of oppressive delight. Besides, I had earned something which I could call my own, and had it in my power, for the first time in my life, to show some small degree of gratitude to the best and kindest of parents; and when I came over the knowe-head, and descended upon the blessed Goshen of my heart's affection; and when I met the smiles, and the kind inquiries, and the hearty congratulation of my aunts and mother, not to speak of Rover, there was not a happier soul in all King George's dominions."

POEMS OF MISS BLAMIRE.

MISS BLAMIRE was a Cumberland lady, who lived in the latter part of the last century, and was known to have written a few small poetical pieces of merit; but her name had never appeared except in a few provincial miscellanies, and no volume of her verse had ever been published. At length, nearly fifty years after her death, two admirers of her writings have taken the trouble to collect as many of them as possible amongst her surviving friends and collateral relations, and these have been given to the world in neat volume, with an appropriate biographical memoir and notes.† We learn from this source that Miss Blamire was of a good Cumberland family, born in 1747; that she received an ordinary education, and was distinguished by her frank and lively manners; and that, after an amiable and spotless life, she died unmarried in 1794. Her biographer thus describes her in her twentieth year:—'She had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance—though slightly marked with the small-pox—beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen "a bonny and varnish young lass," which may be interpreted as meaning a beautiful and very lively young girl. Her affability and total freedom from affectation put to flight that reserve which her presence was apt to create in the minds of her humbler associates; for they quickly perceived she really wished them happiness, and aided in promoting it by every effort in her power. She freely mingled in their social parties, called *merry-meets* in Cumberland; and by her graceful figure, elegant dancing, and kind-hearted gaiety, gave a zest to the entertainments which without her presence would have been wanting. She has been described to me as enjoying herself greatly on these occasions; marking with a keen eye the various shades of character around

* Harvest-home.

† The Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, "the Muse of Cumberland." Now for the first time collected by Henry Lonsdale, M.D., with a Preface, Memoir, and Notes, by Patrick Maxwell. Edinburgh: Mennies. 1842. pp. 202.

her, and the whole proceedings, with intense interest. Before the hilarity of the evening had melted the restraint usual at the commencement of such parties, I have been told she would relish the bashful approaches of the young villager as, with much hesitation, he made his homely bow, and begged she would honour him with her presence at the dance; that she would start up with hearty good-will, spring round the room, and thus dispel those timid fears which at first somewhat marred the free expression of delight or the loud laugh of enjoyment. How much she was the cynosure of those parties, as afterwards she was equally so in those of a higher grade, may be gathered from the following anecdote, which was told me by the late Miss Thompson of Carlisle:—A worthy farmer, who almost worshipped the poetess, about two weeks after her death came to Miss Rowlands, a relation of Miss Blamire, for the sole purpose of having some conversation concerning Miss Sukey, as she was fondly and familiarly called by her neighbours and the people in the district, and for mutually bemoaning their loss. Miss Rowlands excused herself on the plea that the affliction was so recent she could not summon fortitude sufficient to converse on the subject, and intreated him to call on some future day. 'Well, well,' said the kind-hearted farmer as he was taking his departure, 'I could find neither rest nor comfort till I called on you to have some talk about her: the merry meets will not now be worth going to since she is no more!' So vividly does the memory of worth and of genius dwell on our minds, and so fondly do we regard their most trivial actions."

Miss Blamire had begun to write poetry in 1766, when she was only nineteen. In the ensuing year, her sister was married to Colonel Graham of Gartmore, and to that gentleman's beautiful residence in Lower Perthshire Susanna accompanied the pair. The few years which she spent in Scotland served to acquaint her with the manners, language, and popular poetry and music of our country, and made her, it may be said, almost as much a Scottish as an English poetess. How well she was able to sustain the simplicity and pathos of the Doric muse of Scotland is shown in her songs—"The Nabob," "The Siller Croun," &c. Her biographer says—"Whether Mr Graham of Gartmore, author of the song entitled, 'Oh tell me how to woo thee!' was the father of the colonel, or how they stood related to each other, I have not been able to ascertain." This is unfortunate, for the fact we believe to be, that Miss Blamire's brother-in-law was rather distinguished as an amateur verse maker, and it may of course be presumed that close domestic intercourse with such a person must have exercised a powerful influence in directing her mind to poetry. His song, above quoted, was so happy an imitation of the romantic style of a former day, as to impose upon Scott, who gave it a place in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." We have seen another composition of his, an address spoken in the Edinburgh Theatre in 1771 or 2, on a night devoted to the benefit of Smollett's widow. It appears that Miss Blamire's own relations discouraged her muse, and scarcely could appreciate the entertaining vivacity of her manners and conversation. Sad to relate, illness began to damp the fire of our Cumbrian Sappho when she had little passed her thirtieth year. There is considerable reason to suppose that this was connected in some way with a passion which she entertained for a gentleman of family somewhat superior to her own, whose relatives had interfered to prevent a union between them. Miss Blamire died at Carlisle in her forty-seventh year.

In this collective edition of her poetry, the lead is taken by a piece of considerable length, entitled, "Stocklewath, or the Cumbrian Village." It gives a description of the village and its inhabitants, in a manner which slightly reminds us of Crabbe's early poems, but is more gay and cheerful. The curse of rhetorical stiffness and formality, which blighted so much of the poetry of the last century, is also in part upon that of Miss Blamire, notwithstanding the natural tendency of her genius to break through such bonds. But this fortunately affects only one section of her compositions. In her songs, whether in pure English, or in the Cumbrian or Scottish dialect, she is animated, simple, and tender, often touching a chord which thrills a sympathetic string deep in the reader's bosom. It may, indeed, be confidently predicted of several of these lyrics, that they will live with the best productions of their age, and longer than many that were at first allowed to rank more highly. We must endeavour to justify our opinion by extracting specimens in the various modes of her lyre—and first, for an English song:—

WHEN THE SOFT TEAR STEALS SILENTLY.

When the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detect the slow sigh;
From some spring of shy sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance that weeps as it goes.
Ah! it is not to say what will bring to the mind
The sweet joys departed, the friends left behind;
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans in the ear.
Through the gay scenes of youth the remembrance strays,
Till memory steps back on old pleasures to gaze;
Fleeting shadows they seem that glide calmly away,
The remains of past hours, and the ghosts of a day.
When we set out in life every thing has its charms,
Enkindles the fancy, and all the heart warms;
Tis this makes us look on the joys that are past
With an eye that turns coldly to glance on the last.

Let the tear, then, flow on, nor mark the full eye,
Tis the soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy;
Few hours are prepared for a rite so divine.
When the feelings alone sacrifice at the shrine.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect, we select

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

And suld Robin Forbes has gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think that is meast queer,
It brings that's by-past and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I du this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deighted his feace.
The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy cud see
In yers that was dark and hard featured leyke me;
And they wonder'd ayair when they talk'd o' my wit,
And silly tell Willy that cudn't be it.
But Willy he laugh'd, and he meide me his weife,
And when was man happy thoro' aw his lang leafe?
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he often said—nes place was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken, the time to be begin,
He wad fling me a dayly to put i' my breast,
And I hammer'd my noddle to meak out a jest.
But merr or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nain o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet aeg to gow to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame,
And wheyle斯 went to meet him as far as Dumfriesshire;
Of aw hours it tell eight was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has cover'd my Willie frae me!

Finally, a song in the Scottish manner—

THE NABOB.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' many hopes and fears.
Wha kenn gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gie i' er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?
As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
I lik place I pas'd seem'd yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
These days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!
The livid tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blow;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grar to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.
I ran to lik dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where lik ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a vell
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiel, a new sprang rice,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa',
And wish'd my groves away.
"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine."
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me fras these wasfu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But salr on lik weel kenn'd face
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.
At bolls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magik art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrill'd through my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confess'd 'twas fine;
But miss'd the simple melody
I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has past, and seasons fied,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

GERMAN EXILES.

Michael Koster was one of those unfortunate subjects of Hesse Cassel who were bought by the English government to fight their battles in America. He was taken prisoner at Trenton; and after various vicissitudes, took the first favourable opportunity that presented to make his escape into the interior, where he remained until the conclusion of the struggle which secured the independence of America. Like most of his countrymen, he was frugal and industrious; in the course of a few days he took up a tract of land from the state, cleared a few acres, built a log hut, sowed his first crop, and began to think seriously of getting a wife. This last affair he found to be most difficult. "At length," said he, "I met with mine Kate at an hopesaw. We danced together, talked over farm affairs, and I accompanied her home. Every thing looked neat and clean about her mother's dwelling, and as she was a good-looking girl, I soon made up my mind.

The next time we met I took an opportunity to confess my attachment, found it was reciprocal, and we were finally married." Every thing conspired to render him happy; his wife proved herself worthy of his attachment, managed his dairy, made his butter and cheese, and presented him with several sturdy little children as pledges of their affection. His land repaid their industry, and his wealth increased in proportion. One circumstance alone clouded his felicity; it was the fate of his parents. Of their welfare he heard not a single word; of his fate they must of necessity be ignorant. The village in which they resided had been demolished by the French; and the idea of their destruction in some measure marred his felicity. The arrival of a vessel filled with German redemptioners opened to his mind an avenue of hope. He repaired to Philadelphia, and went on board the vessel, in hopes of obtaining some information on the subject of his errand. His endeavours, however, were fruitless; one old man alone appeared to possess the requisite information; but he was distant and repulsive in his manner; every question seemed to open some galling wound, and awaken some unpleasant situation. Michael felt (to use his own words) "sore upon his heart," and determined to buy the poor man's time. He did so; and they proceeded to have the indentures made out in form. A similarity of name caused an inquiry on the part of the magistrate, and the honest farmer, to his inexpressible delight, discovered his long-lost father!

The old man lived to enjoy the happiness of ease and tranquillity but a few years; the recollection of a wife and children murdered before his eyes could never be effaced; his joy at meeting with a son whom he had ceased to consider as living, combined with his own bodily sufferings, formed such an agitated complication of feelings as eventually destroyed his health: it was one of the son's most pleasing reflections, that he had soothed his declining years and smoothed his passage to the tomb.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

SHOULD BOYS LEARN LATIN?

TAKING up the other day a copy of "Dymond's Essays on the Principles of Morality"—a work of great ability, which appeared a few years ago, and, as we are glad to learn, has had a considerable circulation—we struck upon the following passages on the subject of classical education: they appear to us so reasonable and convincing, that we think they may with advantage be laid before our readers:—

"Education is one of those things which Lord Bacon would describe as having lain almost unaltered 'upon the dregs of time.' We still fancy that we educate our children when we give them, as its principal constituent, that same instruction which was given before England had a literature of its own, and when Greek and Latin contained almost the sum of human knowledge. Then the knowledge of Greek and Latin was called, and not unjustly called, learning. It was the learning which procured distinction and celebrity. A sort of dignity and charm were thrown around the attainments and the word which designated them. That charm has continued to operate to the present hour, and we still call him a learned man who is skilful in Latin and Greek. Yet Latin and Greek contain an extremely small portion of that knowledge which the world now possesses; an extremely small portion of that which it is of most consequence to acquire. It would be well for society if this word *learning* could be forgotten, or if we could make it the representative of other and very different ideas. But the delusion is continually propagated. The higher ranks of society give the tone to the notions of the rest; and the higher classes are educated at Westminster and Eton, and Cambridge and Oxford. At all these the languages which have ceased to be the languages of a living people—the authors which communicate relatively little knowledge that is adapted to the present affairs of man—are made the first and foremost articles of education. To be familiar with these is still to be a 'learned' man. Inferior institutions imitate the example; and the parent who knows his son will be, like himself, a merchant or manufacturer, thinks it almost indispensable that he should 'learn Latin.'

How stands the fact? When young men leave college to take part in the concerns of active life, how much assistance do they derive from classical literature? Look at the House of Commons. How much does this literature contribute to a member's legislative wisdom upon questions of political economy, of jurisprudence, of taxation, of reform? Or how much does it contribute to the capability of any other class of men to serve their families, their country, or mankind? I speak not of those professions to which a dead language may be necessary. A physician learns Latin as he attends the dissecting-room; it is a part of his system of preparation for his pursuits in life. Even with the professions, indeed, the need of a dead language is fictitious. It is necessary only because usage has made it so. But I speak of that portion of mankind who, being exempt from the necessity for toil, fill the various gradations of society from that of the prince to the private gentleman. Select what rank or what class you please, and ask how much its members are indebted to ancient learning for their capability to discharge their duties as parents, as men, or as citizens of the state, the answer is literally, 'Almost nothing.' Now this is a serious answer, and involves serious consequences. A young man, when he enters upon the concerns of active life, has to set about acquiring new kinds of knowledge, knowledge totally dissimilar to the greater part of that which his 'education' gave him; and the knowledge which education did give him he is obliged practically to forget—to lay it aside: it is something that is not adapted to the condition and the wants of society. But for what purpose are people educated unless it be to prepare them for this condition and these wants? Or how can that be a judicious system which does not effect these purposes?

That no advantages result from the study of ancient classics it would be idle to maintain. But this is not the question. The question is, Whether so many advantages result from this study as from others that might be substituted; and I am persuaded that we shall become more and more willing to answer, No. With respect to the sum of knowledge which the works of antiquity convey, as compared with that which is conveyed by modern literature, the disproportion is great in the extreme. To say that the modern is a hundred times greater than the ancient, is to keep far from the language of exaggeration. And to say the truth, the majority of those who are educated at college leave it with but an imperfect acquaintance with those languages which they have spent years in professing to acquire. There are some men skilled in the languages; there are some 'learned' men; but the very circumstance that great skill procures celebrity is an evidence that great skill is rare. Amongst educated laymen, the number is very small of those whose knowledge of Latin bears any respectable proportion to their knowledge of their own language—of that language which they have hardly professed to learn at all. If the London University should be successfully established, it is probable that at least one collateral benefit will result from it. The wide range of subjects which it proposes to embrace in its system of education will possess an influence upon other institutions; and the time may arrive when the impulse of public opinion shall reduce the mathematics of one of our universities, and the classics of both, to such a relative station amongst the objects of human study as shall be better adapted to the purposes of human life.

If considerations like these apply to the *preference of classical learning* by those classes of society who can devote many years to the general purposes of education, much more do they apply to those who fill the middle ranks. Yet amongst these ranks the charm of the fiction has immense power. It has descended from universities to boarding-schools of thirty pounds a-year; and the parent complacently pays the extra 'three guineas' in order that his boy may 'learn Latin.' We affirm that the knowledge of Latin and Greek is all but *useless* to these boys, and that if the knowledge were useful, they do not acquire it. What are the stations which they are about to fill? One is to be a manufacturer, and one a banker, and one a merchant, and one a shipowner, and one will underwrite at Lloyd's, and one will be a captain at Toulon. Nay, we might go lower and say, one will be a tanner, and one a draper, and one a corn-factor. Yet these boys must learn Latin, and perhaps Greek too. And they do actually spend day after day, and perhaps year after year, upon 'hic, huc, hoc,' *propria quin marmibus*, 'et, and; cum, when;' and the like. What conceivable relationship do these things bear to making steam-engines, or discounting bills, or shipping cargoes, or making leather, or selling cloth? None.

But, indeed, the children of the middle classes do *not* learn the languages. They do not learn them so as to be able to appreciate the merits and the beauties of ancient literature. Ask the boys themselves. Ask them whether they could hold an hour's conversation with Cicero if he should stand before them. The very supposition is absurd. Or can they read and enjoy Cicero as they read and enjoy Addison? No. They do not *learn* the ancient languages. They pore over rules and exercises, and syntax and quantities, but as to learning the language in the same sense as that in which it may be said they learn English, there is not one in a hundred, nor probably in ten thousand, who does it. Yet unless a person does learn a language so as to read it, at least, with perfect facility, what becomes of the use of the study as a means of elevating the *taste*? This is one of the advantages which are attributed to the study of the classics. But without inquiring whether the taste might not be as well cultivated by other means, one short consideration is sufficient: that the taste is not cultivated by *studying* the classics, but by *mastering* them—by acquiring such a familiarity with these works as enables us to appreciate their excellencies. This familiarity, or any thing that approaches to this familiarity, school-boys do not acquire. Playfair makes a computation from which he concludes, that in ordinary boarding-schools 'not above one in a hundred learns to read even Latin decently well; that is, one good reader for every ten thousand pounds expended. As to speaking Latin,' he adds, 'perhaps one out of a thousand may learn that: so that there is a speaker for each sum of one hundred thousand pounds spent on the language.'

Then it is said that the act of studying the ancient languages exercises the memory, cultivates the habit of attention, and teaches, too, the art of reasoning. Grant all this. Cannot, then, the memory be exercised as well by acquiring valuable knowledge as by acquiring a mere knowledge of words? Would the memory lose any thing by affixing ideas to the words it learnt? The same questions apply to those who urge the habit of attention, and to all those advocates of the study who insist upon the exercise which it gives to the mind. We do not question the utility of this exercise; we only say that while the mind is exercised it should also be fed. That such topics of advocacy are resorted to is itself an indication of the questionable utility of the study. No one thinks it necessary to adduce such topics as reasons for learning addition and subtraction.

The intelligent reader will perceive that the ground upon which these objections to classical studies are urged is, that they occupy time which might be more beneficially employed. If the period of education were long enough to learn the ancient languages *in addition* to the more beneficial branches of knowledge, our inquiry would be of another kind. But the period is not long enough: a selection must be made; and that which it has been our endeavour to show is, that in selecting the classics, we make an *unwise* selection.

There is, according to my views, no study that is more adapted to please and improve young persons than that of natural philosophy. When I was a school-boy I attended a few lectures on the air-pump, galvanism, &c.,

and I value the knowledge which I gained in three evenings more highly than any other that I gained at school in as many months. Whilst our children are poring over lessons which disgust them, we allow that magazine of wonders which heaven has stored up to lie unexplored and unnoticed. There are multitudes of young men and women who are considered respectably educated who are yet wonderfully ignorant of the first principles of natural science. Many a boy who has spent years upon Latin cannot tell how it comes to pass that water rises in a pump; and would stare if he were told that the decanters on the table were not colder than the baize they stand on."

After advocating the study of political economy, zoology, and other branches of useful knowledge, the author proceeds:—'These are general suggestions: details are foreign to our purpose; but from these suggestions the intelligent parent will perceive the *kind* of education that is proposed. If such an education would convey to young persons some tolerable portion of 'the knowledge and the spirit of their age and country,' if it would tend to make them 'useful, respectable, and happy' in the various relationships of life, the objects of intellectual education are in the same degree attained. So limited is the opportunity of the young for acquiring knowledge in comparison with the extent of knowledge itself, that, upon some subjects, little more is to be effected during the years that are professedly devoted to education than to induce the desire of information and the habit of seeking it. A boy cannot be expected to acquire very extensive information respecting the application of the mechanical powers; but if he sees the value and the pleasure of studying it, he may hereafter benefit his country and the world by his ingenuity. Or a boy cannot be expected to know more than the elements of chemistry; yet this knowledge may in future enable him to add greatly to the comforts and conveniences of human life. There are indications of a revolution in the system of education, which will probably lead both to great and beneficial results. Science is evidently gaining ground upon the judgments and affections of the public. Elementary books of science are, indeed, the familiar companions of young persons *after they have left school*. They lay aside tenses and parsing for 'conversations on chemistry.' This is, so far, as it should be; and it would be better still if similar books had taken the place, *at school*, of accents and quantities, and cases and genders, and lesson-learning by rote. This revolution is also indicated by the topics which are introduced into mechanics' institutes. These associations seem almost instinctively to prefer science to literature, simply as such. Perhaps it will be said that science is the branch of knowledge which is more peculiarly adapted to their employments in life. But the scientific information which an individual acquires usually produces little immediate effect upon his mode of working. The carpenter cannot put up a staircase the better for attending a lecture on chemistry. No: they prefer science because it is preferable: preferable not for mechanics merely, but for man. It is of less consequence to man to know what Horace wrote, or to be able to criticise the Greek anthology, than to know by what laws the Deity regulates the operations of nature, and by what means those operations are made subservient to the purposes of life.'

CLAY MAPS.

We have been shown a clever mode of representing countries, for the purpose of teaching geography to young persons. It consists in making a map in relief by means of potter's clay. The clay is put into a mould properly cut, and the cast being brought out is forthwith baked in an oven, the same as an ordinary piece of pottery. The specimen brought under our notice is a map of Europe, about a foot square. The various countries are raised with their appropriate ranges of mountains; and the whole being variously coloured and impressed with their respective names, also the names of the principal cities, any country or town can at once be pointed out. The seas, rivers, and lakes, form the sunk parts, and these being filled with water, which an environs ledge prevents from running over, both land and water are most effectually represented. As cheap and instructive toys for children, or as ornaments for the cottage chimney-piece, we recommend these clay maps to notice. The inventor is a modest young man, a teacher in Glasgow (Mr John Neilson, St Mungo's School), who has brought the subject to bear under many disadvantages.

USES OF THE POTATO.

The uses to which the potato may be put besides the obvious ones of food, starch, sugar, and spirits, are much more various than most people are aware of. In Thuringia and Saxony, it is made into a kind of cheese, which will last for years if kept in close vessels. To pursue the description given in the 'Quarterly Journal of Agriculture':—'It is prepared by boiling the potatoes, and reducing them when cold to a pulp, rejecting the skins. Sour milk is added, or else sweet curd with the whey pressed out, in the proportion of a pint to five lbs. of pulp. It is kneaded several times, drained in small baskets, and simply dried in the shade. In some parts of Germany, potatoes are put to another use. The lower classes are accustomed to incorporate them, after being steamed and reduced to a paste, with the butter to be spread over bread. It thus goes farther where economy is studied; and, that it may longer be preserved, is often salted. It will surprise many to learn that a mode has been suggested by a French chemist for converting potatoes into a substance like coffee. He mixes some of the best olive-oil with certain portion of dried potato flour, and then adds a small quantity of coffee-powder. He asserts that this will produce a liquor more agreeable than coffee. Chemical ingenuity has likewise converted this most useful root into substitutes for many other articles—as chocolate, tapioca, and vermicelli. The use

of potato-starch instead of arrow-root I have already mentioned; and much of it is at present sold under the name of arrow-root, and in France under that of *écoule de pomme de terre*. A chemist in Copenhagen has discovered that the flowers of the plant may be used in dyeing. By this means a beautiful yellow colour may be obtained, which is solid and durable. By plunging the colour into blue, it becomes a perfect green. It has likewise been found that the juice contained in the potato will produce a grey colour of great beauty. The liquor drawn off in the process of making potato-starch will clean silks, woollens, or cottons, without damage to the texture or colour. It is also good for cleaning wainscots. Potatoes are used with excellent effect in the boilers of steam-engines, for preventing the gathering of a calcareous incrustation on the bottom, which is gradually deposited from the water employed. The potatoes give out a glutinous substance which entangles the particles in the water, and prevents them from incrusting the iron of the boiler. A medical use of the potato has been lately suggested in a valuable French publication, namely, as a preventive of, and even a cure for, the scurvy. Roasted potatoes were administered with perfect success to sailors afflicted with the disorder, after other approved medicines had been given in vain. As roasted potatoes are the most effectual, it seems probable that the remedy depends on some of the substances contained in the black liquid which boils out of potatoes, and which are retained in roasting.'

ENGLISH ARISTOCRATIC EDUCATION.

We are a great nation, and nowhere is our greatness more conspicuous than in the education of youth. The young Frenchman seems to fulfil his destiny when, having drawn on a pair of the most tight-fitting kid gloves, of that precise shade of colour so approved of by Madame Laffarge, he saunters forth to the Boulevard de Grand, or lounges in the *coulisse* of the opera. The German, whose contempt not only extends to glove-leather, but clean hands, betakes himself early in life to the way they should go, and from which, to do him justice, he never shows any inclination to depart. A meerschaum, some three feet long, and a tobacco-bag like a school-boy's satchel, supply his wants in life. The dreamy visions of the unreal woes, and the still more unreal greatness of his country, form the pabulum for his thoughts; and he has no other ambition, for some half-dozen years of his life, than to boast his utter indifference to kings and clean water. Now, we manage matters somewhat better. Our young men, from the outset of their career, are admirable jockeys; and if by any fatality, like the dreadful Revolution of France, our nobles should be compelled to emigrate from their native land, instead of teaching mathematics and music, the small sword and quadrilles, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we supply stable-boys to the whole of Europe.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

A CAUSE OF FAILURE IN LIFE.

Many men fail in life from the want, as they are too ready to suppose, of those *great* occasions wherein they might have shown their trust-worthiness and their integrity. But all such persons should remember, that in order to try whether a vessel be leaky, we first prove it with *water* before we trust it with *wine*. The more minute, trivial, and we might say *vernacular*, opportunities of being just and upright, are constantly occurring to every one; and it is an unimpeachable character in these lesser things, that almost invariably prepares and produces those very opportunities of greater advancement and of higher confidence which turn out so rich a harvest, but which those alone are permitted to reap who have previously sown.—*Lacon*.

DEW.

The dew, celebrated through all times and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of the agency of water in the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and bountiful adaptations, by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together. All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate, or throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder; and the entire surface is continually sending rays upwards through the clear air into free space. Thus on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature (an equilibrium of heat), while the surface as a whole tends gradually towards a cooler state. But while the sun shines, this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off; and if the clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat, and prevent it from being so speedily dissipated. At night, then, when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights, also, more than when it is cloudy; and when clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become coolest which look towards the clearest portions of the heavens. Now, when the surface cools, the air in contact with it must cool also; and, like the warm currents on the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapour which it has hitherto retained. This water, like the floating mist on the hills, descends in particles almost infinitely minute. These particles collect on every leaflet, and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation. Different substances are endowed with the property of radiating their heat, and of thus becoming cool with different degrees of rapidity; and those substances which in the air become cool first, also attract first and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus, in the cool of a summer's evening, the grass plot is wet while the gravel walk is dry; and the thirsty pasture and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and the barren highway are still unconscious of its fall.—*Professor Johnstone on Agricultural Chemistry*.

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